the blind
a tale of

1. preamble
2. place
3. spindle
4. water
5. citadel
6. citadel, a constant avenue
7. unleash the skein
8. and loosen it
9. red thread the open wound
10. sequins
11. hook (I-III)
12. bone-handled knife
13. speech as
14. catapult
15. lullaby
16. water and bitter herb
17. roll the marble
18. a tale :
19. hunger
20. suspend I
21. suspend I
22. suspend I
23. what is beneath ?
24. what is above ?
25. entrance
26. nonetheless
27. may bell
28. cells 1
29. hunger 2
30. ceremony 1
31. ceremony 2
32. ceremony 3
33. eye
34. a gordian knot
35. place
36. goldfriend
37. dress (I-II)
38. red on gold the new dress
39. spool

40. sans
41. catapult reprise
42. catapult reprise
43. seed
44. cells (I-VI)
45. cut-up
46. rain down to the nub
47. and again it goes
48. daddy longlegs
49. shard
50. the trees-

the blind
a tale of

the blind
a tale of

the blind
a tale of

preamble

wheel lurches right
gathering in the thread
it begins its slow rotate
its endless trundle -

their shadows toe the gravel barely tipping pebbles

they swipe their birdeye
their shadows darken sky
they begin their silken round

circumnavigating ring’s perimeter

they are from a no-place
they are bird-eye

at circle’s edge the thread winds back

the blind
a tale of

preamble

there are three weavers
there are three women

they have silken purses
in which the spools roll

they are bird swipe
they are bird shadow

black eye
dart roll-to

this is not their place

the blind
a tale of

preamble

their place should have an immensity of soil

a nowhere place
a nothing place

thick humus soil
of cinnabar red

of cinnabar red
shovelled onto

an immensity of empty
an immensity of empty

a place of plinths broken
place of broken plinths a

the blind
a tale of

- place

where steaming blood /causes fly life
a place of trepidation / a no place even

their feet toe the divide / along circle’s perimeter

enter the furies :
they are three

spindle

core round about it winds
a cherry-flower tiered anti

clockwise the three revolve
on it ravelling their weaves

into the sun a flash of silver
cast embellishes the laurel

catches a sleeve it could be
a spiderweb almost there is

the blind
a tale of

water there

a locked box to the side of the cherry-tier
where a gardener unearths water with a

key clystering the blooms right in spindle’s
centre there hard by a citadel for the dead -

citadel

ring’s rim bears the swish of silks
it witnesses the ravel/un of thread

from its metal mouth/ its iron lung
a gap will open at a point north-west

slow the revolve to an avenue / a road
nearby a waystation/

there is the constant presence of the dead
in their soul-cocoons / needing caressing

the blind
a tale of

citadel - a constant avenue

people walk up/ a constant queue/ bringing their offerings
of flowers / wiping at the tears of those others who wait/

slow the revolution /slow the metamorphosis /a litter of
plinths lie broken behind soul houses in their neat rows /

the ground is always dust red / muted cinnabar/ those others
those angel faces await / stony/ for his slow metamorphosis/

his change to (...)

.

shadows

the three are shadows
silken spider-weavers
hidden close by a laurel tree

they cast out their silvers like fishing line with baited
hooks / food for worms

they cast out their silver threads and draw them back in
red and frayed / time weary

some say that they sit behind mirrors watching lives
pass through a room :

that they spindle the threads / that they are blind /that
they have no emotion

they are simply bent to the work that they were given
and never a stitch is dropped /

that is not picked up and brought clean again / for they
simply do their job

by touch by hand by long and patient experience with
the vagaries of man

and woman,

the blind
a tale of

unleash the skein

red thread the open wound
and from it a thin red rivulet

will drain into a metal dish
and curl into water

no more now
it is just a stitch
stitches

wound gash is drawn to and threaded
dust of glass in the wound ground in

round the heel and spiral down to
blue glass pummelled beyond crystal

a useless moon dust
pounded to glass
the red thread lets

no light in
the shards are so small

and loosen It

unleash and loosen the umbilical skein
blatant as red
this thread that will lead you into the city
- and to where it began

amongst the blind
amongst the furies

where pain is pummelled to red dust
where pain is pounded to blue dust

dust lies on the deserted library
it lies in the threading of the shoe
and spirals down to the heel of

‘How beautiful are your feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of your thighs are
like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman.’

you are too far gone to let in the light and these are the worst words,
words of desire
maybe the chasm at the heel

just past

the blind
a tale of

red thread the open wound

metal frill
metal fetish

the gash split and threaded into the toe's round
a pummelling of dust making red blue-hued and

the drill down split mercury of the mirror shard leaded
underfoot and pounded to dust and now the shatter of it

the shattering of the mirror and from it a skein bled
into a thread a bit of spinning from furies' daughter her

yes her line (her skein) is emergent from the mirror now
I knew that it would be : the room is full with pounded glass

pummelled to blue-hued dust a dust engrained
yes engrained in :
your dance
your heel
your arch

your twirling rage
and the red thread
the skein is

sequins

red on gold under gold the red thread will tie in the sequin
the dress will transform from the funerary gown of soft cloth

metal pearl mother-of-pearl the peacock sequins emphasise
the scar : where it was cradled in soft cloth it shifts with light

it now shifts with light
a battle armour with shiny metal frilling

a mail-coat
an armoured dress

the metal frill catches and disperses light from
embonpoint to point of candlelight it is no dust
no accretion of dust occurs in the music of fabric

flame does not show yellow in blue blue glass

sequin it : *it hides the wound*
sequin it : *with the red thread*
sequin it : *the loosed skein*

tack it in stitch on stitch and
sequin it
cover it

hook

a hook for an eye
this ribbon for a slip

there’s a pigeon in the pot
and tree makes the room

your foot on the boards
your head in the sky

no mind if your stockings snag
are splinter-caught

the red thread
frayed or snag

walk now on swollen feet
on feet that are bound-in

with red and orange
with stocking threads

these can be mended
these can be made whole again

you wouldn’t even
notice the tear

hook

we are so good
at what we do

neat and tight
no pain no gain

for the ragged bird

hook

gauze dries into the stitched wound
where the tender care of hands tug to
redress to change to douse stitches
with a brown liquid stuff

it dyes the skin a type of clinical colour
but with so tender a care -

the split wound of vaginal mutilation
is less easy to care for
no gauze can be safe at depth of
and thus submersion in salt baths

whilst the jagged edges gather to
as mended sails as canvas stuff
as linen stuff

you can tell at a distance that
a woman has a scar that snakes up
by the cast of her foot
the heel-down look

those stitches are insoluble
hold-to the birth passage
        for the next opening

hook

the feather-hook is a seed spiralling in the breeze,
a false signal

it mocks the mayhem of the caught moth down to
its nub stone

its plane is a shell network of dried skin, veined even
- it has a spine of sorts

it mocks the mayhem of the caught moth down to
its nub stone

the blind
a tale of

bone-handled knife

a bone-handled knife is not the tool for :

dissections
sections
cesarians
abortions
mutilations
episiotomies

these require a more delicate steel
sometimes rough instruments are used :

glass or/
jagged tin
the/ wire-hanger

a crochet hook implement can bag and hook the blood bag the
meconium waters and :

salve distress
a red thigh rivulet
signifies skein descent

plug loosed
the blind let go for now
only the gash
the ragged bird

the blind
a tale of

lullaby

a shatter of moon-debris the glass pounded into a fine dust
on this roof like so much afterstorm and the rain is not rain-
that broken window and door :

a glitter of red and purple
the blue tentacle reaches to
spiral down and down

finger traces the broken hell of this weird and bloody dance of years :
its a mesh of silver and blue rage by the by he sleeps now in his nest

of orange ire
blue/blue dreams in :

water as crystal and clear
as if distress is not black
black blood in the waters
broken by hook and tug

the blind
a tale of

water and bitter herb

decapitated peonies green-drink our amniotic atmosphere
heaping real red tears onto white cloth / and the linen-stuff

I am not sure but I think they are grieving the bamboo's dying
[its death-rattle] outside

bamboo music has gone from sprung-swish to mourning
melodic / bleeding its harmonies into the dark earth

soon they will be bone-dry / he will remove their hollowing
tubes from the ground/

lash them to with the same threads that tie duck legs in oranges
and cinnamon/

all the statues in this house are mended/ their necks were broken
by woman rage/

Lilith was here/ I trace her steps through a forest of broken necks/
the peonies sweat fluid/

this black water meconium of gathered distress is sweating a tear/
it is summer /

nothing to fear

the blind
a tale of

hunger

the ragged bird panics dead flies from the window nets
it claws the glass

it is tearing at petrified flies for its meat
it is caught in their weaving.

the blind
a tale of

speech as

iron separate

speech as blossom-extrusion
        in the hollowing metal

the purple of it impinges on corridors of tree
like flame-to-leaf
or red to haw

the crystal of it
the silica bruise of it
the shattered caul of it

catapult

inside the silica of this holding-skin
beneath crystal swipe and tungsten tip

the exact point
drain then seep

the vessel-encasement sustains until form becomes
as apparent as the meconium distress which is all

over the cloths the linens the floor - blood is everywhere
the globe is hook burst and there is a body curled into the
skin

stitched in caul and head they will
use the steel tips to force him out

the blind
a tale of

roll the marble

light shatter its colours skeining the red thread into

welt
rivulet
a bruise (two)
bone white hands are
translucent knuckle-fisted

red rage
blue boy

again glass is ground to shards they permeate his life
a piece of glass tears his eye rolls it back into its sphere

casts a black trawl-net, a veil
he rubs it raw rending it (again)

balled fist the mercury shattered
again
there is glass everywhere

the marble rolls and ruts between the boards
follow the trajectory its a web dusting rooms

the blind
a tale of

stop roll the glass catches the light

hunger

outside the bird panics spiders or
dead flies from the window nets

it is not clothed rightly
it claws the glass

- tell me a tale-

the blind
a tale of

-a tale-

there is a huge gray bird out on the roof
he wants to eat my heart out
the daisies are asleep no-one knows.

I chased a galloping lamb up the road remember the day
it got away and galloped up the road and was gone ?

there is a huge gray bird on the roof outside
he wants to eat out my heart
the daisies are asleep and no-one knows.

I chased a galloping lamb up the road remember the day
it escaped the butcher’s van and galloped up the road.

the blind
a tale of

hunger

outside the ragged bird tears
dead flies from window nets

and it is not clothed right
- it claws the glass

suspend I

from the mirror architrave
float down silken threads
they are not blackened yet

from the branches they reach down
laden with fruit
out on the limb
birds beat them for dessicated meat

the blind
a tale of

making sweetmeats for desperate bills
a man is clipping the edges with steel
season’s treachery

suspend I

from the mirror architrave
float down silken threads
they are not blackened yet

from the ceiling hooks

the blind
a tale of

float down wisps of
red thread - almost

cobweb light she is
arched back unsure
whether to suspend

burnt orange silks
cover the shutters
there are children in the street

she is nonetheless
quite bound-up
in red ropes

from loop at nape
and length of torso
it is peaceful

being spider-rolled
webbed-in and arched
as if a

bird swoops down
behind the orange silks
shiftshape-in

suspend I

the blind
a tale of

as if
she were an exotic fruit
a seed caught in breeze

from the mirror architrave
float down silken threads
they are not blackened yet

cobweb light she is
arched back unsure
whether to suspend

in the red threads
that loop at her nape
down the length
of her torso

dividing and opening
her out achingly
if she moves the
threads will tighten

the harpies are perched in the suicide-trees

the blind
a tale of

what is beneath ?

a scrap of satin - some wood

what is beneath the wood ?

dirt : the earth
it is cold

is it alive ?
it contains the stir of flowers
it contains the whispering grass

and above it all ?
some turf
the blue sky

what are you listening to ?

my dark blood
the heart plays a tattoo
beneath this pale linen
this wool-stuff

and ?
it listens for the stir of flowers
it hears the grass whisper.

the blind
a tale of

what is above ?

there are some crawling things
millipedes crickets and a lady-bird

do you see?
not without the glass

and that magnifies it ?

it sees in between
the patchy glass
the burnt tarmac

and what are you listening to ?

the creep of insect
my heart playing a tattoo
this drum

and :
I see millions of things
hidden there
they fly the hill

the blind
a tale of

entrance

door boards are sealed
with a web of confetti seed

the three emanate outside
as rattle, as gust

wind troubles web fruits
that small birds sing to

out limb
on a limb
dust of
stitches
pulled-to

    may-bell
    may-bell

it feels like a tug
    press-in
    hold-to

nonetheless

nethertheless

nethertheless the webs caught have sealed an entrance
that none may cross with light step

the breeze troubles the web fruits, so many seeds
that its a confetti

oak candle petals are there and beneath each a chestnut
is forming

the web desires fruits for the new birds to panic and eat
instead they receive a shatter of spinal-seed

confetti the breeze

empty of nourishment the starlings will strike at the burnt grasses
char the ground with steel beaks

may bell

not a rook to maycaw its mockery
seats pulled up to the maybell statuary

    starling swipes up at a yellow tree
    laburnum is poison it sings

yellow fish are stitched into a tree
tacked into the leaf and flower

    the flowerpod
    the seed -

the blind
a tale of

maybe all three :

root bloom and seed

are stitched into these

cells

within there are blocks and rows
the roof denuded of its sheltering

filters light through its weaving
frayed threads are hung with

caught fruits for birds to filter and
there are woven ropes lashed-to

the wooden walls are replete
with the tangled red and blue
threads woven to

the nails

the blind
a tale of

looped onto
some steel pegs

the rain makes curious shades
as if three breathe in as one

waiting in the corners of place

hunger

the ragged bird panics dead flies from the roof nets
it claws the glass
it is taking petrified flies for its meat
it pulls death through their hectic weave

the blind
a tale of

ceremony

the red rope is looped around the neck
and brought down the back to the bra-line

the blind
a tale of

it tightly binds across the top of the chest and
is looped down to the cunt-lips separating them

held-to and pulled in the back arches back
bow-bent as if its wood had seasoned in

an iron girder above hot embers and released
steam onto a still lake the hook retracts when

the dress slides into a blue ripple onto the boards
there are six hooks embedded into the ceiling

stockings catch up the desert breeze on a small
balcony , a strip of silk portholes the room and

sutras are tacked into the walls the hooks do not
look as if they could carry the weight of an inert body

spider-rolled silk-skeined red-cocooned
the bird panics spider-fruits from under
dry eaves

these net-webs are laden with the small dead
best not to move he is demented with hunger.

ceremony 2

the blind
a tale of

the delicate steels are leaning in a row on blue
blue cloths waiting to be used

they think she cannot see this or does not know
the hook the blind the knife the thread-skein

the needle point for when the rupture will begin
as it will

she stumbles past wearing the gown and carrying
her paper-cup of ice ice-water : *to wake him up*

ceremony 3

the little knot hidden in back of the material
stretched out/ crossing her knees is silver/
thread is doubled-to

the material is some floral-stuff on white/
laid out onto a cream skirting /

she will rinse it out in cold water later
and hang it on the monday line/

the blue rope of the monday line
the length of material is clean /
sweaty from her handiwork/

she will hang it over the gauze of her nets/
her effort is blind

she does not need eyes to feel her work
her gathering to of the pleats/

petals

the blind
a tale of

eye

or a flow of shadows
glide the eyestream

as if not lidded tight
fuchsia

dark to blue
they are pigeons

a gordian knot

red on blue
on red on
blue on
red in the
blue-black
water

its knotted round his neck
and he cannot draw breath
yet

integuments
they are
sea reminders
they are
submarine

an undertow
sucks in fluids
leaves it out again
- a black distress

the blind
a tale of

place

no

bird dagger swoop
nor swipe of bird
in this corridor

the light is not right
for bird dives
or shadow of bird

[there is light however]

skin-glitters green

as if getting a new skin is
just a matter of
shucking it off
in a bathe of light

the blind
a tale of

niched-in there
a cubby-shelf
a font with feathers-in

[these corridors are not massive-pillared]

beneath the feet there is a sense of
grass
of field
of water somewhere
nearby

place

of outside being close
but a hare’s breath away :

small creatures
a fountain
a trickle of water

this place however is not subject to the laws of attrition

it is of stone
it is of light upon stone
upon skin

the blind
a tale of

it is the working of light
upon skin
upon stone
to tack a glitter-in

the change is painless
skin-dissolve
and new begin

goldfriend

1. *bas-relief*

in labyrinthine dream thread makes of the web a bas-relief

it has no dimension worth the telling of it

altar tells the rite of separation/ in lace white a curtain quiver

the blind
a tale of

the veil is lighter than the linens / they roll onto cold marble

goldfriend

2. *without title*

its texture
contains
the grain

the blind
a tale of

of old
and
seasoned
wood :

oak black
rich with age

its floor is rich
as the glints

the jewel-encrusted
brocades give

tapestries glint
in the shadows

of this hall
where

goldfriend

the blind
a tale of

in stitch
in tack
in its making

it is
always
and ever
the
thread

it
looses
ravels
and un-

back to the box where it lives
it rolls back into

the blind
a tale of

spool

red thread unravels in its wooden box
sepulchered with:
loose sequins
button-bones
needles
wires
furled tape measures

theres a jawed scissors for cutting rough cloth and linen-stuffs

I am two :
my bisection is equatorial
not a vertical splice or gather-to

walking broken-footed does little for my mermaid humour
I’d rather lie in three: head torso and bottom-half :

but they disallow me the luxury
they have made this dress for me

their cunning craft formed the exsosexo skeleton
of my thigh-gap emblazoned with its stone-whorls

the blind
a tale of

spool

honey, I’m no pleasure garden
not for heaven’s sake a belle-dame sans

the blind
a tale of

sans

it is all ceremony
it is all the cloths
all gathered in

it is white tailor’s chalk
in a neat triangle
it is the blanket-stitch
before the machine

it is the neighbour woman
with her bone-pick
pulling stitches
one by one
from the curtain lining

the [bone-pick] is ivory coloured
a little larger than a [tooth-pick]
nubbed to cradle under the silks

and lift them up
so she can snip it at the ties

the blind
a tale of

sans

the little knot hidden in back of the material
stretched out across her knees is silver
thread is doubled-to

the material is some floral-stuff on white laid
onto a cream skirting
she will rinse it out in cold water later

and hang it on the monday line
the blue blue rope of the monday line
the length of material
is clean sweaty from her handiwork

she will hang it over the gauze of her nest
which are always immaculate

her effort is blind
she does not need eyes to feel her work
her gathering to of the pleats /petals

the blind
a tale of

dress

I.

one and two there are three /they have white hands /

that are unused /

blind eyes / to / unpick the stitches / loose the threads

dress has sweetened in the four winds /nethertheless it carries a loam load

its grains are wet between the fingers / it has absorbed something of

dress is/ charcoal /
soft/ of dark dove/

it is renewed for use

the blind
a tale of

dress

II.

they are weaving
they are weaving me a new dress

with pin tucks/ they pick at the old cloths/ de-tacking the stitches from my legs/
I follow their operation with each of my senses /

they are weaving
they are weaving me a new dress

the blind
a tale of

they are bent to their work

with pin tucks/ they pick at the old cloths de-tacking the stitches from my legs/
taking the hooks from my skin one by one /

they are weaving
they are weaving me a new dress
they are bent to their work

I cannot move from/ this height that I have fallen from /body stretched out to their vultures/ (collectors ?)

they are weaving
they are weaving me a new dress
they are bent to their work

not the clean halls of exile or death/ but here and now / they are operating on me/
I cannot move my arm my hand my neck/ when I felt them coming I did not move/

dress

II.

they are weaving
they are weaving me a new dress
they are bent to their work

the blind
a tale of

I could not move/ sacrificial on a table/ and no volition to get away/ I watched impressed
the rote of their movement / their cunning second birthing on some skylit table/ this bed /

they are weaving
they are weaving me a new dress
they are bent to their work

I could not move/ sacrifice on a table/ and no volition to get away/ I watched impressed
the rote of their movement / their cunning second birthing on some skylit table this bed /

red on gold the new dress

the blind
a tale of

red on gold under gold red the thread will tie into the dress
will transform it from funerary gown to soft cloth of gold on

gold on red laid beneath cinnabar the leaf glue piece-by-piece
to the wet yolk paint they are making me a new red gown of

threaded threadless pin-pricked and shoved the tooled leaf

what new fossil is this?

catapult reprise 1

the blind
a tale of

a bone-handled knife is no the tool for dissection section cesarian abortion episiotomy /

red thigh rivulet is always beneath bone-handled knife / hook & blood-bag hook & water-bag /

& catapult/

over cloth/ linen // floor / and a body curled stitched / caul-head /
use the steel tip the exact/ the exact point

drain then seep /
a bone-handled knife is not the tool for dissections/

sections/
cesarians/
abortions/
episotomies /

the red thigh rivulet is always beneath /the bone-handled knife/

the blind
a tale of

hook the blood-bag 2

catapult

over the cloths the linens the floor and there is a body curled
stitched in caul and head they will
use the steel tips

the exact

.

drain then seep

the blind
a tale of

form is 3

a bone-handled knife is not tool for dissection section cesarian abortion episiotomy red thigh
rivulet is always beneath bone-handled knife hook & blood-bag hook & waterbag

catapult

over cloth/ linen floor /
and a body curled / stitched /
caul-head /
use the steel tip
the exact

. /

drain then seep /and drain/ seep to/ break it /
form is /

the blind
a tale of

seed

seed slopes
slews in
        the crystal pool

its flesh blooms to an effort at tone
former dessicate it corals the milk

sucking in meat
from water’s distress

        and living nonetheless--

winding in its silver thread
beneath brine of flesh frond

                and secret

the blind
a tale of

cells

draw in the silver thread beneath brine of flesh frond

shut in cold
shut in light

a silica scar

a stone embed

lit in rock

deep cut in

it forms a bird

graven arched

this place is unseamed

the blind
a tale of

cells

hold-in

held-in

nearby, the presence of the dead

in those soul cocoons that require

caressing

waiting and awaiting

to ravel

and un-

the

violence

of their

threading

[alarvae

the blind
a tale of

alarvae]

the blind
a tale of

cells

wreath-

out limbed

out on a limb

dust of stitches

pulled to /pulled in

the room nets’ wreathed

in spider-net and taut (en)

it shows atangle in light’s dying

web-work at forehead and up

flesh nets are undescended

pretty to view and view, these

lights and lines are a cloud they festoon and gather

the blind
a tale of

cells

draw to the frayed lifethread the flame of it is subdued to a sense of lit

drawn-in too the seed sunk drowned in its slew of coral fibrous brine

threads separate underneath a shower of humus that in-bole-gathers

hammer and lead the gardener is raking rounds exposing the root of

trees groved

trees grieved

sweetheart blossoms lie on wet ground bereft of their generations

there is only the marble of the statuary now fleshing its wounds so

seed will lie

seed will lie

the blind
a tale of

cells

inert

dessicated

taking for their meat liquid airmotes

twisting their meats into lit fibres/things

to flesh the frond

        a masquerade

silver thread is

the blind
a tale of

the blind
a tale of

cells

skin glitters green to silver / to peacock and violet /
as if getting a new skin / is just a matter of shucking/

not Zeus rape of Danae and her / shower of gold/
god to bronze / to embed a child / a silver shower/

snow of cells / the dust and glass of it /quickened/
deranged from / the form-clasp/ it is held-to so /

skin-glitters green / as if getting a new skin is
just a matter of shucking it off /in a bathe of light

skein ravels in / nor unleash red / it is held-to/ held-in
held in to/ a slow metamorphoses/ it is held in bud /

as fibre or thread/ to unloose /unloose / as skein /
wrap into stray threads a knot of breeze-blown/

death for bird to peck / unloose vitality /stray thread
is always used / reused / as web/

the blind
a tale of

cells

sunlight would trap the silica of it or some other flaw

feet touch not touch

something like stone

out lit

there is no swipe of bird

shell or leaf

white and black birds are

behind the iron of *fence*

prevent

prevent

there is

no entry

the blind
a tale of

cut-up

breathe
pause
repeat

yet
breathe

bleed
fluid
next

repeat

as

rain
falls
thus
fluidly
rain
will

rain down to the nub

rain down to the nub
the bud
silvered
and tucked in tight

    thread brightens to red
    unleash and again it

the blind
a tale of

and again it goes

gash of rill greens
trees gather the soft dead
to their feet.

fish whirr up to the surface
plane / skim the cream with

their eyes all out on stalks
looking for skin /for scales
to eat

silver the scales
soft the blossom
then blow them

the blind
a tale of

daddy long legs

there is only the filigree frame of a sucked out insect
hanging out wind-blown for bird to eat there

there is only his lattice work recalling the skeletal leaf
the blown blossom / mossing up the root bole of tree he

is demented with hunger flying his ghost feathers from
nest to window clawing at the glass to release the wing

from its silver mesh net the three walk in circle's shadow
winding the thread back in and toeing the ring's perimeter

there is only the seed
there is only the fruit
breeze blown now the/

hanging threads blacken

the blind
a tale of

shard

hanging threads blacken above mirror’s architrave
casts back fur and claw of cat in its vertical stream

the hanging bind
an open door
edge of stairwell

the wrapped fly outside

not the scatter of steps on wood
nor feel of fur /claw against skin

the blind
a tale of

not that

mirror gives back the dust and rust of visitations
maybe holds an image of their not-faces

the trees -

gather the soft dead to their feet boles
filling a drift with sweetheart blossom

stand back
stand back
from circle’s edge

the blind
a tale of

they are accomplishing their silken circumnavigation

coming as they do
from a no place
they are bird-eye

at circle’s edge the thread winds back

the blind
a tale of

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unleash the skein , first published June 2013, **Three Red Things**, *Smithereens Press*
and loosen it, first published June 2013, **Three Red Things**, *Smithereens Press*
hook, ceremony, and hunger , first published June 2013*, Bone Orchard Poetry*
hook (Series) , first published July 2013, *A New Ulster Magazine.*